A McKinley Romance

BY

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CANTON, OHIO.

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A McKINLEY ROMANCE

By
Alice
Danner
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ALICE DANNER JONES
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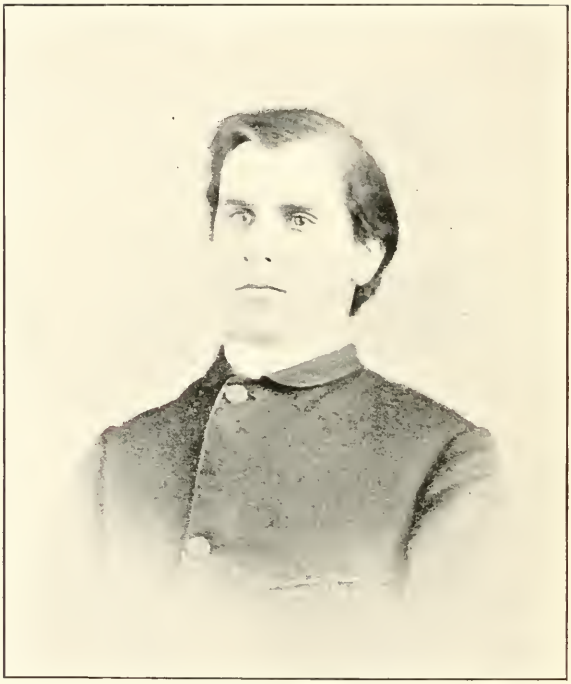
A little love tale, simply told,
Of which each word is true;
Its pleasing sweetness touched my heart,—
It may have charms for you.



McKinley in 1867

A McKinley Romance

To the little, Dutch city of Canton,
Now, many long years ago,
There came a Scotch-Irish attorney;
Scarce more than a boy, you know.

Quite simple were fixtures of office;
Some chairs were old-fashioned and quaint,
Some law books, perhaps, had worn covers,
Some bookshelves were needing new paint.

Mother McKinley

In brains he was rich,—not in dollars;
Of ancestry, sturdy, could boast;
But the teachings, revered, of his mother,
Were the things that were helping him most.

She had taught him those lessons, which manhood
Can find in no law book or creed;
They came on the echoes from childhood,
Giving strength for each purpose and deed.

As boy, he had fought for his country;
From schoolroom, had gone to the "Ranks;"
Nor had left, until voices of Freedom
Were mingled with anthems of thanks.

On his face there was written the courage
To stand for the Right, tho' alone;
And the int'rests of little Dutch Canton
He blended with int'rests his own.

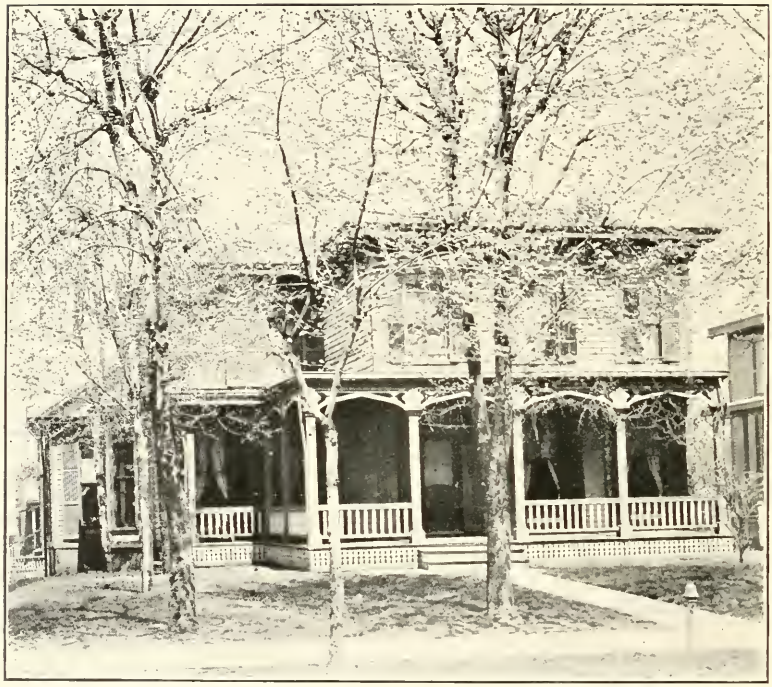
Mrs. McKinley as a Girl

In "Y. M. C. A.," church, and council,
Was sought the young lawyer's advice;
While work, meaning most for the city,
Was given, without asking price.

One night, 'twas the night of a lecture,
The banker's fair daughter was there;
And with her, from neighboring city,
A girl friend as charming and fair.

Both maidens were laughing and chatting
With lady, much older in years,
Who had brought them, when, suddenly, laughter
Was drowned in a tumult of cheers.

Down the aisle, Horace Greeley came walking,
And the banker's fair daughter espied
The earnest-faced, gifted attorney
The orator walking beside.



Where the Young Attorney Lived

Over face came a faint flush of crimson;
Blue eyes seeming darker in hue,
As forward he came, on the platform,
With, simply, "Good ev'ning to you."

Then, in language so pleasing and fitting,
Of speaker he said what was best,
That audience cheered as he finished,
And "Horace" clapped too, with the rest.

The banker's fair daughter turned quickly,
To friend who, beside her, then sat,
Saying softly: "You have not in Mass'lon,
Young man who can do well as that.

"Canton, some day, so proudly will own him."
Oh! prophetess, girlish and young,
What wisdom foretold you the future
Of one whose great deeds were unsung?

Home of the Banker's Daughter

Did you listen, that night, to the lecture?
Or, shyly, beneath hat and plume,
Did blue eyes the lawyer's face study,
'Neath lamps of the dim-lighted room?

The banker's fair daughter no lover
Could claim, in the man she esteemed;
No diamond, no ring of betrothal,
On little gloved finger then gleamed.

There were suitors, whose hundreds and thousands
Could have added rich wealth to her own;
But, in fancies and dreamings of girlhood,
Ever, somewhere, the lawyer's face shone.

'Tis beautifully strange, how, in driftings
Of Time, lives are blended by chance;
How hearts thrill responsive to glances,
Or the touch of a hand in the dance.

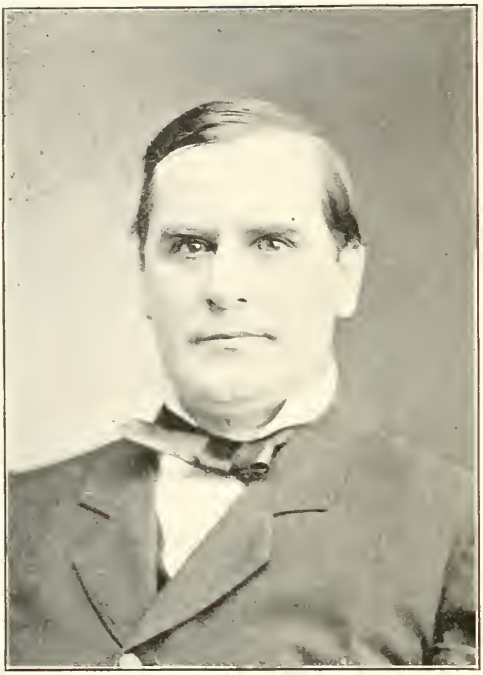
The banker's fair daughter was winning,
The lawyer could "plead" with the best;
The arrows of Cupid were many;
Do you think I need tell you the rest?

❄ ❄ ❄ ❄ ❄ ❄ ❄

To-day, the small city has widened,
And silvered is young lawyer's hair;
Some lines on his brow have grown deeper,
Some furrows are ploughings of care.

No longer, in little law office,
For clients he waits, as of yore;
While, only, on flying trips homeward,
Familiar seems sign on the door.

For years, his feet have been straying
Away from each old hallowed place;
For years, in both cabin and palace,
All people have gazed on his face.



McKinley as Congressman

As Congressman, Governor, Statesman,
The service of head, heart, and hand
He has given; till little Dutch Canton
Feels great, in the eyes of the land.

Mrs. McKinley, 1886

Nor, alone, has he honored the homage,
And bent to the crownings of Fame;
For the beautiful love of a woman
Has added rich grace to the same.

The prophecy, sweet, has been answered,
Of only a girl, long ago;
Does she ever recall it, I wonder,
With things that are pleasing to know?

For Canton is proud of the lawyer,
Who, here, once, his first "cases" tried,
In our old-fashioned brick Hall of Justice,
And took, from our circles, his bride.

McKinley as President

And, to-day, in our Capital's White House,
Friend, poorest, feels grasp of his hand;

Mrs. McKinley in Inauguration Dress

While the banker's fair daughter, who praised him,
Is First Lady, now, of our land.

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